The Scribler's Doom;

OR, THE

Pillory IN Fashion

BEING

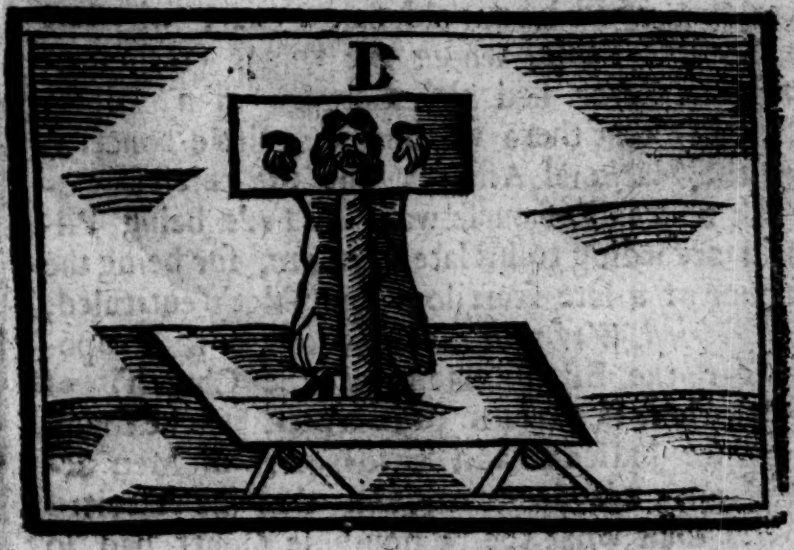
A New DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Two Loop-Hole Sufferers,

William Fuller and *De Fooe*,

In their late Conference concerning *Pilloring*.



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The Scriblers Doom: Or, The *Pillory* in Faſhion, *&c.*

MUltiplicity of Buſineſs, the Fumes of Burguny, and other Fatigues of the Day, having almoſt tired Nature, I I went to a certain Coffee-Houſe in *Cornhill*, near the Royal Edifice of the Renoun'd *Greſham*, to take a Diſh of the dull *Mahometan* Liquor, to retrieve my declining Senſes, and vacuate the Poſthumes of other attending Faculties, where being ſeated, and call'd for a Diſh according to Cuſtom, I enquired what News? And was preſently anſwer'd by an old Salt Sinner, who ſate at the ſame Table, whom the vulgar (term *Cowel*, but never had the Courage of a Militia Captain) that there was but very little concerning the National Affairs, but the chiefeſt Topick now in Diſcourſe was, *Du Foo*'s being Pillor'd according to his late Sentence, for being the Author of a late ſcurrilous Pamphlet (entituled, *The Shorteſt Way with the Diſſenters*; or, Propoſals for the Eſtabliſhment of the Church) of which there is various Sentiments, but he found the more Judicious and Serious part of Men occur'd with his Sentence, and that he merited no leſs than what the Honourable Court had ſo juſtly beſtow'd on him; and indeed abundance of Diſpute there was concerning it, till at length Night approaching, I went home, and betook my

may ſelf to Repoſe, which had no ſooner ſeal'd my Opticks, but theſe warm Debates on the aforeſaid ſubject reign'd ſupream o're my Slumbers, and preſented the following Idea to my Roving Thoughts, in which I wandred till I arriv'd into a large ſpacious Room, adorned with croſs centred Iron-Bars, inſtead of Mediſh Saſh, where was ſeveral Uncouth Perſons, whoſe Legs were united with long Links of the ſame Metal, to keeping them from ſtroaling out of each others Company, but Drinking of Brandy like ſo many Furies of the Bottomleſs Pit, which methoughts gave me great ſurprize, nor could I tell what to think of it, till at laſt a ſingle Headed *Cerborus* of a Gyantick Figure, with a Face more Terrible than the Prince of Darkneſs, accoſts me thus. *I perceive, Sir,* cry'd he, *you're a Stranger to our dark Dominions, who are poor unfortunate Wretches, confined here for ſeveral Crimes and Miſdemeanours.* What? this is a Priſon, anſwer'd I; I proteſt I thought ſo at my firſt Entrance, when I heard the Place jingle ſo plentifully about your Heels, and eyed your Chequer'd Windows: Pray what Name do you diſtinguiſh it by? *Newgate,* ſaid he, *and if you'l be pleas'd but to ſit down, and take a Quartern, 'tis poſſible it may give you good Diverſion; for about an Hour ſince, Mr.* Fuller *at the* Queen's-Bench, *but formerly of this College, ſent word to his Brother* Du' Fooe, *he had obtained leave to come and pay him a Viſit.* With that I ask'd which was he? andw as no ſooner inform'd, but in comes *Fuller,* and ſalute him in this manner.

Fuller.

Fuller.

DEar Brother of the Quill, and fellow sufferer in the Loop-holes, I am heartly glad to see thee, but sorry, ah faith, for any under Affliction.

De Fooe.] *Nay, now 'tis worse with me than I suspected, and I shall never harbour a good Opinion of my self, since I am in so low an Ebb of Fortune, as to draw pity from such A——*

Fuller.] Such A——What Sir? pray explain your meaning.

De Fooe.] Buffoon, if you will have it; To Father *Copies* that 'tis suspected your self never had the Sence to be Author of, not but you have Impudence enough, according to which had you Courage, when your Heels are at Liberty, I do recommend you to the Army.

Fuller.] 'Tis evident you have, Sir, and are as bold as a *French* Privateer in a Fleet of Colliers; you have commenc'd one Degree, and in time may attain to another.

De Fooe.] *You have already had three, and very honourable ones; I assure you,* Cony-wool-Cutter, *Pillory and* Bridewell. *Pray Sir, how did Hemp agree with your Constitution? you labour'd extreamly, I heard, and 'tis to be supposed you'l at last make your Exit in a Band of that Weed.*

Fuller.] Why faith if we both had it, 'tis no more than we merit: but I have publish'd my Recantation, humbly beg'd Pardon of those Noble Gentlemen whom I so grosly abus'd, in Fathering things on them that they were wholly Ignorant of, and have now taken leave of State Affairs,

Affairs, but the Spokes that was in my Wheel, can never be mov'd by your *Shorteſt Way*, nor was you leſs Scurrilous to your *True born Engliſh man*; nay, let any but compare to particular Characters on the *D*——they'll find you were a Weather-Cock and all K——ve at the bottom: But Sir, by the by, pray how did the Wooden Ruff ſute your Collar? for I am ſenſible you come of a ſtiff-necked Generation; did you bow with ſubmiſſion to the Yoke, or play at Boo-peep with the Mobb. Hah, hah, hah, faith I fancy the ſubject will make as Morral a *Fable* as Sir *Roger* has in his whole Collection; nay, I am confident will exceed the *Cock* and the *Horſes*.

De Foe.] *Had you ſaid between a* Fool *and an* Aſs, *it might be properly apply'd to your ſelf, for I think thy Perſon comprehends both, and wer't thou to be diſpoſed of as I would order it, I'll be free and tell you how I'd ſerve you; firſt thou ſhouldſt run* Oats's *Race; then after that I'd ſend thee to St.* Germans *with a whole Bundle of your True Account of the Birth of the Prince of* Wales.

Fuller.] Why I'm extreamly oblig'd to you; I aſſure you an honourable Return for my kind Viſit; however I ſcorn to be out-done in Civility, and in return of your Favour, I'll tell you, had I been of your Jury, I would have ſtrove hard but your Sentence ſhould have been as followeth;

Firſt,

Firſt, you ſhould have taken a *Titus* Dance, (there I occur with you) then ſent down in the *Weſt* amongſt the *Monmouthenians*, who you ſo much ſcan'd on, and no doubt but they would have given you a worthy Reception; and if you eſcap'd there, I would then ſend you either to *New-England*, or *Scotland*, wrapt in an old Plod and a Graniders Cap, with the Title of your *ſhorteſt Way* in the Front, and *True born Engliſh-man* in the Rear: Now I think I am equal with you, and no more Heſſitation or Diſpute on the matter, but now let's take a Glaſs to refreſh our ſelves, and to ſhew you I'm good Natur'd, I've an old *Pusbetenian George*, that weighs a full Half Ounce, which I have kept ſome Years for a Pocket-piece in Memoration of thoſe many Heroick Yellow Ones I have had from *incognito* Friends; nay, this piece by the bright Mettal 'tis made of, I proteſt has ſupported my Credit in the very extream, and rather than depoſite it, my craving Stomach has been debarr'd of Nature's ſupply for three Diurnal Notations; yet my dear Friend and fellow-ſufferer for the Scribling Cauſe; I vow it now ſhall move its Quarters, and we will have the intrinſick value in the beſt this Manſion of Iniquity affords.

De

De Foe.] *That's very indifferent, I assure thee Brother, since thou wilt claim Kindred to our Fraternity, and perforce subscribe thy self a Vassal of the Quill, mayst thou never want the Fate that generally attends it, Poverty dear Dog, as constant a Lacque to the Tribe as Pox to a Whore, or Raggs to a Cynder-Wench.*

Fuller.] Why faith, thou art hearty in all thy Expressions, and to return thy Complement the next time thou makest thy Tower to the *Pillory*, mayst thou be plentifully endued with a double Portion that Figure exposes thee to, may Rotten Eggs like *March* Hail shower on thy Head, and thy Friends for which thou so accutely prescribes the Shortest Way, may they never fail of giving thee a Lift, though it be to *Hide-Park* Corner, and the Mobb's Indignation in a full Torrent add to thy Corporal Punishment the two succeeding Times which speedily approaches.

However, notwithstanding all this Rallery, they both sat down and Quaft several Cups to those instruments of Justice they both so plentifully Experienc'd, and then in one sence was as Loving as a pair of Brother

Brother Sterlings; and just as I was going to give my Officious Introductor another Quartern of Sulphurous Spirits for his Civility in giving me his Company; I wak'd and found it only a Dream, tho' matter of Fact in several degrees.

FINIS.

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